# LATIN HYMNS.

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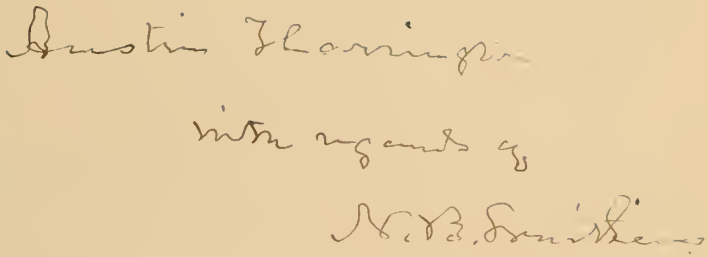

MAY 8 1935

# TRANSLATIONS

OF

# LATIN HYMNS

OF THE

# MIDDLE AGES.

MDCCCLXXXI:

JAMES KIRK & SONS, PRINTERS,

DOVER, DELAWARE.

# Preface.

Since the publication of a former translation of the Dies Iræ, a judicious friend has suggested its rendition in a different metre. The Stabat Mater is also offered with some changes of construction. I have purposely avoided a literal translation of the word "inebriari," in the ninth stanza, because, however agreeable to mediæval conceptions, it seemed to me that the idea suggested by the English equivalent, as commonly used, would be offensive to Christian sensibility. A few hymns have been added, and the names of the authors, when known to me, stated.

N. B. SMITHERS.

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# The Day of Wrath.

THOMAS OF CELANO.

## THE DAY OF WRATH.

Day of wrath, that day of woe
When, in embers, earth shall glow,
David and the Sybil show.

How will sinners quake with fright,
As the Judge shall come in might,
All to search and all requite.

Then, through graves of regions blown,
Shall the trump, with mighty tone,
Gather all before the throne.

Death and Nature, with surprise,
Now will see the creature rise
Ruled to plead at that assize.

Forth will come the Book ordained,
Where inscrolled is all contained
Whence the world shall be arraigned.

When the Judge shall take his seat,
What is hid will naught secrete,
Vengeance, then, shall be complete.

All undone, what can I plead,
Whom invoke to intercede,
Since the just shall scarce be freed?

King of awful majesty,
Who, by grace, the saved dost free,
Fount of Pity, then save me.

Holy Jesus, think, I pray,
How I caused thy weary way,
Keep me safely in that day.

Seeking, Thou didst sit outworn,
Buying me, thy cross was borne,
Not in vain be thus forlorn.

Righteous Judge of vengeance, stay,
Freely wipe my score away,
Ere the great accounting day.

Like a culprit, groans I vent,
Guilt its conscious flush has lent,
Spare, O God, the penitent.

Thou, who Mary didst acquit,
And to grace the thief admit,
Badst me hope this benefit.

Though my prayers no merit claim,
Grant me, through thy gracious name,
Not to burn in quenchless flame.

With thy sheep give me to stand,
From the goats to part, command,
Setting me on thy right hand.

When the cursed dumb shall be,
Doomed to wrathful flames by Thee,
With thy blessed then call me.

Lowly bent, with suppliant air,
Heart as ashes, this my prayer,
"Let my ending be thy care."

Day of weeping, day of wasting,
When, through fiery embers hasting,
Man shall rise for retribution.
Grant, O God, thine absolution.

Holy Jesus, Master blest,
Let him enter into rest.
Amen.

# The Mother at The Cross.

JACOPONE DA TODI.

## THE MOTHER AT THE CROSS.

Weeping by the Cross, unfriended,
Stood the Mother, while suspended
Hung her well-beloved Son;
Through her spirit sympathizing,
Moaning, groaning, agonizing,
Now the piercing sword had run.

O, how sad, and sorrow-laden
Stood that ever-blessed maiden,
Mother of God's only One;
Woful stood, with bosom heaving,
Quaking, grieving, while perceiving
How they racked her glorious Son.

Lives there man whose eye could tearless
See that Mother, wan and cheerless,
Stand when such a deed was done?
Who could view without emotion
Such a Mother's deep devotion,
Suffering with her stricken Son!

For his people's sins convicted,
Christ she saw with stripes afflicted,
Crowned with thorns and doomed to death;
Saw her child, to torture taken,
Dying, lonely and forsaken
While he gave his parting breath.

Mother, fount of love and blessing,
Let thy weight of woe oppressing
Teach me how with thee to grieve;
Let my heart be so appointed,
Warmed with love for God Anointed,
That I may his grace receive.

Holy Mother, quickly hasten
In my heart the nails to fasten
Once that pierced thy Crucified;
Of thy Son, to suffer deigning,
And for me such wounds sustaining,
All the pains with me divide.

Make me partner in thine anguish,
With the Crucified to languish
Let me live and thus expire;
Near the Cross with thee to tarry,
Equal load of grief to carry,
Now is what I most desire.

Virgin, favored beyond measure,
Turn not from me in displeasure,
  Grant my tears with thine to flow;
Death of Christ about me bearing,
In his passion daily sharing,
  Let me always feel his woe.

Make his Cross my meditation,
Through his blood give inspiration
  And on me his scourges lay;
Thus my heart aglow with fervor,
Virgin, be my kind preserver
  In the fearful Judgment-day.

By his Cross may I be guarded,
By his death from evil warded,
  Ever may his grace suffice;
When my earthly course is ended,
Grant my soul, by thee befriended,
  Endless bliss of Paradise.

# Hymnus Matutinus.

AMBROSIUS.

## HYMNUS MATUTINUS.

Fulgentis auctor ætheris,
Qui lunam lumen noctibus,
Solem dierum cursibus
Certo fundasti tramite;

Nox atra jam depellitur,
Mundi nitor renascitur,
Novusque jam mentis vigor
Dulces in actus erigit;

Laudes sonare jam tuas
Dies relatus admonet,
Vultusque cœli blandior
Nostra serenat pectora.

Vitemus omne lubricum,
Declinet prava spiritus,
Vitam facta non inquinent,
Lingua in culpa non implicet.

Sed sol diem dum conficit
Fides profunda ferveat,
Spes ad promissa provocet,
Christo conjungat caritas.

# Morning Hymn.

AMBROSE.

## MORNING HYMN.

Thou, who hast clothed the heavens in light,
Ordained the moon to rule the night,
And marked the path wherein the sun
Should his diurnal courses run,

Since now the darkness is withdrawn
And re-appears the radiant dawn,
Our weary minds, refreshed by sleep,
Awake thy kind behests to keep;

But first to Thee returning day
Demands that grateful thanks we pay
While through our hearts the morning balm
Diffuses sweet and holy calm.

Deceitful ways may we forego,
Bring every haughty spirit low,
Let naught we do expose to shame,
Nor aught we say involve in blame.

Until the sun completes his round
May zealous faith in works abound,
And hope to promised things incite
And perfect love in Christ unite.

# De Passione Domini.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

## DE PASSIONE DOMINI.

Hymnum dicamus Domino,
Laudes Deo cum cantico,
Qui nos crucis patibulo
Suo redemit sanguine.

Die decursa ad vesperum,
Qua Christus morti traditur,
Ad cœnam venit impius
Qui erat Christi proditor.

Jesus futura nuntiat
Cœnantibus discipulis:
"Unus ex discumbentibus
Ipse me traditurus est."

Judas mercator pessimus
Osculo petit Dominum,
Ille ut agnus innocens
Non negat Judæ osculum.

Denariorum numero
Christus Judæis traditur
Innocens et innoxius,
Quem Judas tradit impius.

Præses Pilatus proclamat:
"Nullam culpam invenio;"
Ablutis aqua manibus
Christum Judæis tradidit.

Fallaces Judæi impii
Latronem petunt vivere,
Christum accusant graviter:
"Crucifigatur, reus est."

Tunc Barabbas dimittitur
Qui reus mortis fuerat,
Vita mundi suspenditur
Per quam resurgunt mortui.

# The Lord's Passion.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

## THE LORD'S PASSION.

With hymning let us praise the Lord,
In song extol our God,
Who, nailed upon the shameful Cross,
Redeemed us with his blood.

When Jesus was delivered up,
At eventide that day,
To supper came the wicked wretch
Who did his Lord betray.

Now Jesus told unto the twelve
What they should shortly see,
"One who with me reclines at meat
Shall my betrayer be."

Then Judas, wretched trafficker,
Did kiss him for a sign,
And Jesus, like a guileless lamb,
The kiss did not decline.

For thirty pieces counted down
Of Christ the Jews got hold,
The innocent and harmless man
Whom cursed Judas sold.

Though Pilate loudly thus proclaimed,
"No fault in him I find,"
He washed his hands and nathless Christ
Unto the Jews resigned.

The wicked and deceitful Jews
"Release Barabbas," cried,
And railing said, "Away with this;
"Let him be crucified."

The robber guilty unto death,
Barabbas, was set free;
The life through which the dead shall live
Was hanged upon the tree.

# Jesus et Mater.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

## JESUS ET MATER.

Parvum quando cerno Deum
Matris inter'brachia,
Colliquescit pectus meum
Inter mille gaudia.

Gestit puer, gestit, videns
Tua, mater, ubera:
Puer ille, dum subridens
Mille figit oscula.

Qualis puro in lucenti
Sol renitet æthere,
Talis puer in lactanti
Matris hæret ubere.

Talis mater speciosa
Pulchra est cum filio,
Qualis est cum molli rosa
Viola cum lilio.

Inter sese tot amores,
Tot alternant spicula,
Quot in pratis fulgent flores,
Quot in cœlo sidera.

O si una ex sagittis,
Dulcis o puerule,
Quas in matris pectus mittis,
In me cadat, Jesule!

# Jesus and The Mother.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

## JESUS AND THE MOTHER.

The infant God when I survey
  Within the Mother's arms,
My heart with fervor melts away
  Beneath their thousand charms.

How leaps and crows the smiling boy
  To see his Mother's breast,
With which his dimpled fingers toy,
  Where many a kiss is prest.

As bright as when a sunbeam flings
  Its radiance on the air,
The boy upon her bosom clings
  And nursing, nestles there.

When o'er her babe the Mother bends,
  Such rival beauty glows,
As when the milk-white lily blends
  With blushes of the rose.

So many gleams of love between
And sparkling arrows fly,
As flowers that deck the meads with sheen
Or stars that gem the sky.

O, little Jesus, lovely child,
If but a single dart
From off her bosom glancing wild
Would fall upon my heart!

# Ad Omnes Sanctos.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

## AD OMNES SANCTOS.

Placare, Christe, servulis
Quibus Patris clementiam
Tuæ ad tribunal gratiæ
Patrona Virgo postulat.

Et vos beata per novem
Distincta gyros agmina
Antiqua cum præsentibus,
Futura damna pellite.

Apostoli cum vatibus
Apud severum Judicem
Veris reorum fletibus
Exposcite indulgentiam.

Vos, purpurati martyres,
Vos candidati præmio
Confessionis, exsules
Vocate nos in patriam.

Chorea casta virginum,
Et quos eremus incolas
Transmisit astris, cœlitum
Locate nos in sedibus.

Auferte gentem perfidam
Credentium de finibus;
Ut unus omnes unicum
Ovile nos Pastor regat.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Natoque Patris unico,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula.

# To all The Holy.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

## TO ALL THE HOLY.

The servants, Christ, benignly own,
For whom before thy gracious throne
Our patron Virgin pleading stands
And from the Father grace demands.

Angelic host, whose legions deep
In nine divisions circling sweep,
From hurt of old and present ill
And future harm defend us still.

Ye Prophets and Apostles, hear,
Before the righteous Judge appear
And for each weeping culprit win
Exemption from the pains of sin.

Ye martyred Saints, in purple dight,
Confessors, clothed in spotless white,
Regard us, here, compelled to roam,
And call the weary exiles home.

Ye choirs of Virgins undefiled,
And Hermits who, from deserts wild,
Have passed to mansions in the sky,
Transport us to the seats on high.

From where the true believers dwell
The race of heretics expel,
That all alike one faith may hold,
One Shepherd rule a single fold.

To God the Father, and the Son,
The Father's sole begotten One,
And blessed Comforter, to Thee
Forevermore let glory be.

# Ad Spiritum Sanctum.

HILDEBERTUS TURONENSIS.

## AD SPIRITUM SANCTUM.

Paraclitus increatus,
Neque factus, neque natus,
Patri consors, Genitoque,
Sic procedit ab utroque
Ne sit minor potestate,
Vel discretus qualitate.
Quanti illi, tantus iste ;
Quales illi, talis iste ;
Ex quo illi, ex tunc iste ;
Quantum illi, tantum iste.
Pater alter, sed gignendo ;
Natus alter, sed nascendo ;
Flamen ab his procedendo ;
Tres sunt unum subsistendo.
Quisque trium plenus Deus,
Non tres tamen Di, sed Deus,
In hoc Deo, Deo vero,
Tres et unum assevero,
Dans usiæ unitatem,
Et personis trinitatem.

In personis nulla prior,
Nulla minor, nulla major;
Unaquæque semper ipsa,
Sic est constans atque fixa,
Ut nec in se varietur,
Nec in ulla transmutetur.

# Of the Holy Spirit.

HILDEBERT OF TOURS.

This extract from Hildebert, it will be observed, is a metrical paraphrase of the Symbolum Athanasii.

## OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

God the Spirit, uncreated,
Neither made nor generated,
With the Father, equal maker,
With the Son, divine partaker,
Out from both, alike potential,
Comes, in substance co-essential.
Great as they, thus He existeth ;
Like as they, such He subsisteth ;
When they are, then He outgoeth ;
What they can, so much He doeth.
Father one, in procreation ;
One the Son, through generation ;
He, proceeding, hath existence ;
Three are one in consubsistence.
Each of these is God most fully,
Not three Gods but one God truly,
In whose Godhead's real communion,
Three and One exist in union,
One in unity of essence,
Threefold in a triune presence.

Of these persons none is prior,
Neither less, nor either higher;
Each within himself resideth,
And so steadfastly abideth
That of none is variation,
Into neither, transmutation.

# Mundi Vanitas.

JACOPONUS.

## MUNDI VANITAS.

Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria,
Cuius prosperitas est transitoria?
Tam cito labitur eius potentia,
Quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.

Plus crede litteris scriptis in glacie,
Quam mundi fragilis vanæ fallaciæ,
Fallax in præmiis, virtutis specie,
Qui nunquam habuit tempus fiduciæ.

Credendum magis est vitris fallacibus,
Quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus,
Falsis insaniis et vanitatibus,
Falsisque studiis et voluptatibus.

Dic, ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis,
Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis,
Vel pulcher Absalon, vultu mirabilis,
Vel dulcis Ionathan, multum amabilis?

Quo Cæsar abiit, celsus imperio,
Vel Dives splendidus, totus in prandio?
Dic, ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio,
Vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio?

Tot clari proceres, tot rerum spatia,
Tot ora præsulum, tot regna fortia,
Tot mundi principes, tanta potentia,
In ictu oculi claudentur omnia!

Quam breve festum est hæc mundi gloria,
Et umbra hominis sunt eius gaudia!
Quæ semper subtrahunt æterna præmia,
Et ducunt hominem ad dura devia.

O esca vermium, O massa pulveris,
O ros, O vanitas, cur sic extolleris?
Ignorans penitus, utrum cras vixeris,
Fac bonum omnibus, quamdiu poteris!

Hæc carnis gloria, quæ tanti penditur,
Sacris in litteris flos fœni dicitur.
Ut leve folium, quod vento rapitur,
Sic vita hominis luci subtrahitur.

Nil tuum dixeris quod potes perdere,
Quod mundus tribuit, intendit rapere:
Superna cogita, cor sit in æthere,
Felix, qui potuit mundum contemnere.

# The Vanity of The World.

JACOPONE DA TODI.

## THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

Why should the world such warfare wage
The glory to attain
Whose highest measure of success
Is fugitive and vain;
So fickle that its quality
Forbids abiding stay,
And fragile as the implements
Which potters make from clay?

Believe that letters carved in ice
Have more enduring worth
Than all the vain deceitfulness
Of this unstable earth;
Deceitful in its promised gains,
Its virtuous pretence,
And he who trusts its seeming faith
Will mourn his confidence.

Trust rather to the brittle glass
That breaks beneath the touch,
Than in the false prosperity
Which man esteems so much;

The baubles mad desire pursues,
  The pelf that misers hide,
The sensual pleasures of the flesh,
  And pageantry of pride.

Say, where is royal Solomon,
  So famous long ago,
Or Samson, peerless in his strength,
  Unmatched by any foe,
Or Absalom, so beautiful,
  That blemish none could find,
Or Jonathan, whose love was more
  Than love of womankind?

Where now is mighty Cæsar gone,
  Imperial in his sway,
Or Dives, clothed in purple robes
  And feasting every day,
Or where is Tully's cultured tongue,
  For eloquence renowned,
Or Aristotle's matchless brain,
  So subtile and profound?

How many leading men we see,
  What amplitude of state,
How many chiefs of high renown,
  What kingdoms strong and great,

How many princes of the earth,
What pomp and proud array,
But in the twinkling of an eye
They all shall pass away.

The glory of this world delights
But for a little span,
And all its cherished joys are like
The shadow of a man;
Yet still they lure his soul away
From everlasting gain,
And lead him through the crooked paths
Of sorrow and of pain.

O man, who art but food for worms,
O moldering lump of dust,
O morning dew, O vanity,
Why place in self thy trust?
Since nothing sure that life shall last
Until to-morrow's sun,
Do now the works of charity
While yet they may be done.

This vaunted glory of the flesh
Whereon such stress we lay,
Is in the Holy Scriptures called
The wilting flower of hay;

And like the leaves before the wind
  Go whiffling out of sight,
So rapidly the life of man
  Is hurried from the light.

Count nothing thine that thou canst lose,
  For mortal things decay,
And what the earth is pleased to give
  It hastes to snatch away;
Then let thy thoughts be set on high,
  Thy heart be in the skies,
For only he is happy here
  Who can the world despise.

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M. H. Harrington.